$2.00 " year

JANUARY, 1952

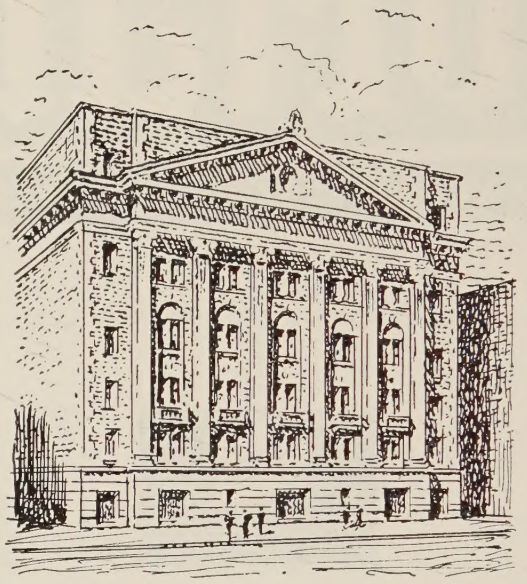
The Liberalist

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

A Way to a Happy New Year

To leave the old with a burst of song,
To recall the right and forgive the wrong;
To forget the thing that binds you fast
To the vain regrets of the year that's past;
To have the strength to let go your hold
Of the not worth while of the days grown old,
To dare go forth with a purpose true,
To the unknown task of the year that's new;
To help your brother along the road
To do his work and lift his load;
To add your gift to the world's good cheer,
Is to have and to give a Happy New Year.

Robert Brewster Beattie.



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

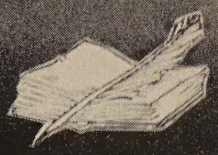
Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

The Liberalist

PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor

GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, In Memoriam



Volume XXVIII *January, 1952* *Number 10*

BOOK LECTURES BY DR. BRADLEY

WEDNESDAY EVENINGS

In The Peoples Church

Lawrence Avenue at Sheridan Road

January 2—"A Man Called Peter".....Catherine Marshall
January 9—"Under Whatever Sky".....Irwin Edman
January 16—"The Conduct of Life".....Lewis Mumford
January 23—"I Was a Monk".....John Tettemer
January 30—"From Here to Eternity".....James Jones

THURSDAY NOONS

12:15 to 12:45

In The Chicago Public Library

Randolph and Michigan

January 3—"The Way to Security".....Henry C. Link
January 10—"The Anatomy of Happiness"....Martin Gumpert, M.D.
January 17—"The Conduct of Life".....Lewis Mumford
January 24—"Under Whatever Sky".....Irwin Edman
January 31—"The Art of Clear Thinking".....Rudolf Flesch

* * *

HEAR DR. BRADLEY EVERY SUNDAY MORNING
WJJD—11:00 to 12:30

ALONG THE WAY

BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

I AM writing to you on the last day of the year 1951. By the time you read these words the New Year will be only about two weeks old. As I sit here in my study, thinking about the year so soon to become but a memory and the year ahead, my heart is filled with gratitude and an appreciation for your interest and friendship which I can only inadequately express.

It has been a difficult year for me. When one experiences a deep emotional shock, compelling a readjustment of one's life, that in itself is a challenge; but when we must make our personal adjustments to changing circumstances in our own lives against the background of a world in agony, the difficulty becomes all the greater. One cannot make these adjustments without the helpful influences which come into one's life from others. If anyone had told me a year ago today what would happen to many of my friends, to my loved ones, to my world, it would have seemed incredible and impossible.

I have said in many a sermon and lecture that the test of one's philosophy and religion depends upon what they do for one in a crisis. It is cause for justifiable gratification that the things in which I have believed and for which I have stood all during my ministry did not desert me in my hour of loneliness and grief. But the acuteness of the pain and sense of loss is a human attribute.

One of my favorite quotations is from the poet Browning. It expresses the sentiments of my heart in these closing hours of another year. With triumph, with confidence and with courage, these words, "Greet the unseen with a cheer," dominate my heart and my life.

* * *

As I write today, there is one more service left in the Christmas Season of our church. I have never in all the years of my pastorate experienced any more discouraging weather conditions for the Christmas Season than we have had this year. The week preceding Christmas Sunday the weather in Chicago became more severe than at any time since 1917 and broke all records for low temperature and fall of snow. We had 39 inches of snow by Christmas day. The streets were impassable and traffic was at a standstill.

I went up to church on Christmas Sunday morning feeling that our congregation would be pitifully small. To my surprise and encouragement while the congregation on Christmas Sunday was not by any means our usual congregation, nearly 500 people had somehow managed to get to the church. The attendance of the choir was almost normal. This response on the part of our people lifted my spirits from the very first moment of the service and we had a triumphant and beautiful service. Our Chorus Choir and the Peoples Church Quartet sang appropriate Christmas music under the direction of our fine director, Mr. LeRoy Wetzel, as I have never heard Christmas music rendered. Although my heart was saddened with memories of other Yuletides, I left the service feeling inspired and encouraged.

Always when we have inclement Chicago weather our radio congregation increases tremendously. We probably had the largest Christmas radio audience in our history. The subsequent

mail verifies this observation. Even though we have been on the air continuously for 29 years, we heard during Christmas week from many who were hearing the broadcast for the first time. All this is due to the fact that thousands found it impossible to be in their own places of worship on Christmas morning.

I am so grateful for our radio opportunity and the great co-operation given us by radio station WJJD, that all of us who have the responsibility of the service, no matter what the weather might be or any other conditions which prevail, we always attempt to do our best. We have the highest Hooper rating of any religious broadcast originating in Chicago on any Chicago station. While the responsibility becomes increasingly great in an era such as we are in, if we try to help and encourage and strengthen people, I have learned through many years of experience that the people are grateful and co-operative.

* * *

Of all the Christmas days which I have known, and I have known 63 of them, I never had an experience such as I had on the Christmas day just past. Because I am alone in my home, I was desirous of spending Christmas day and two other days of Christmas week in my sister's home at Linden, Michigan, where I was born. I had been unable to do this for years. Inasmuch as we always hold an 11 o'clock Christmas eve service, it was impossible for me to leave Chicago until after the service. I left my home in Chicago on Christmas morning at 8 o'clock. We were over an hour getting to the Dearborn station. My train was to leave at 9:40 in the morning. It was snowing hard and every train in and out of Chicago was hours late. My train didn't leave until 11:50 in the morning. I spent all of Christmas morning watching the crowds, listening to fretful and crying children, busy mothers trying to do their best under the circumstances, irate fathers complaining and scolding about conditions, and many, many soldiers and sailors indicating their reactions to the delays. It was a bedlam. It was impossible to find a place to sit down; the depot seemed to get more congested with the passing of every hour. I had to keep reminding myself, "Remember, it's Christmas," and project all the Christmas spirit I could under the circumstances. But it was not easy.

I sauntered about the place, I watched groups of men, women and children; I was an involuntary listener to many conversations. It was a strange medley of comedy and tragedy. I thought as I stood there, if one could only capture the whole scene and put it on a stage, what an accurate reflection it would be of something we call human nature. But most everyone in spite of the delay and the disappointment, was in the Christmas mood. People were quite considerate under the circumstances. I felt sympathetic toward the train and station officials who were passing about among the people and giving information over loud speakers as to the probable arrival and departure of trains, and although I have been a traveler all my life in various part of the world, it remained for the most interesting experience of all to be found in my own city and in a depot from which I have gone in and out many times.

A little before 10:15, as I stood leaning against the counter of the newsstand, reading a book which I had with me, I was thinking "in a few minutes WJJD will broadcast last night's Christmas Eve service." (The service had been recorded, and was to be broadcast at 10:15 on Christmas Day.) I thought, "Oh, for a radio. I could

pass the time by listening to our own service." I inquired of a porter, who told me there was a radio in the barber shop downstairs, and if I went down and told them who I was and what I wanted he was sure they would tune it in for me. I found my way through the crowd to the barber shop and behold, the barber shop was locked tight. I gave up in despair and on my way back up the stairs to the waiting room I had an idea. So I went into a telephone booth, called a dear friend of mine and said, "Have you a little midget radio? If you have will you not bring it to your telephone and prop the receiver against the radio and tune in the Peoples Church service and I will see how the reception is. Perhaps I can hear the service." This was done. The reception was perfect and for the next 45 minutes I sat in a telephone booth in the Dearborn Street Station and heard our own Christmas Eve service perfectly. There were several compensations to this experience. One was, I had a place to sit down, and the other was I could hear our service. As I listened to the singing and to the service my own spirit was lifted and I was grateful that even under abnormal and difficult conditions I could still participate in the beauty and joy and happiness of the Christmas motif.

Finally our train left the station. I settled back with a book and soon fell asleep. I was due in Linden, Michigan, at 3:15 in the afternoon of Christmas Day. I arrived there at 8:30 Christmas night.

The Grand Trunk Railroad which was the railroad I knew as a boy and which runs through our little village was most kind to me, for they stopped the train at Linden, which is not a regular stop, and I alighted in four feet of snow, in the dark of Christmas night. This kindness on the part of the railroad officials saved six miles of driving.

At the station were my brother-in-law, Russell V. Judson, my nephew, Adolph Lind, and my little grandnephew, Juddy. They had been able to get their car quite close to the depot, and we were soon driving down the village street to my niece's home. The street was still and quiet and beautiful. From the window of almost every home I could see, sending its message of light and love out to this world, the lighted Christmas tree, and wreaths hanging in the windows and in the doors. The snow was as white as snow ought to be. There were twinkling, vibrant stars in the deep night sky. It was a great contrast to the scenes of the city which I had left a few hours before.

I had a pleasant surprise on arrival at my piece's home. I fully expected they would have had their Christmas dinner and the presents during the afternoon, as we had planned, but they delayed it all until my arrival. Not a present was unwrapped or opened. They were all carefully placed under a lovely Christmas tree in the living room; and what impressed me most about it was that my two grandnephews, Preston Bradley Lind and Judson Lind, had waited patiently and without complaint all afternoon and all evening. They delayed their own Christmas until I arrived. I was very grateful for this. It made me very happy.

We sat down to dinner at 9 o'clock and it was nearly midnight before the last present was opened and the last carol sung. My sister, her husband and I went back to their home and I slept that night in the house in which I was born. Such was my Christmas Day.

During the day I experienced the whole range of human emotions. Perhaps that's what Christmas ought to do for us all, and as I dropped off to sleep, my last thoughts were that after all the spirit of Christmas, which is the

spirit of love, had triumphed and "all is well that ends well."

* * *

Just as our Christmas Sunday morning service surprised us all in attendance and beauty, so the Annual Candle Light Service and Christmas Play in the evening was the climax of our whole Christmas Season. Our Christmas Eve midnight service was beautiful and largely attended, but for many of us the most inspiring of all was the Candle Light Service.

As I was planning the service weeks ago, I hardly knew what to do about a Christmas Play. Last year we had our Uptown Players do the Christmas Carol, and Jimmy made his last appearance in our Christmas plays at the service, giving that incomparable performance of Scrooge, which will never be forgotten by those fortunate enough to see it. I did want the Christmas Play. It has been a tradition. I wanted to continue it, and so this year I turned to one who has been in our church all of his life—it's the only church he has ever known—and he is now the distinguished owner and director of the Jack and Jill Players of Chicago, Mr. Franklin W. Adams. I called him and suggested that it might be appropriate to have a Christmas Play presented in honor of the Uptown Players and in memory of J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder and Director for 27 years. Without hesitating he said, "Dr. Bradley, it's a beautiful idea; I will give you every support, and we will do a Christmas Play in honor of Jimmy." The play chosen was the play "The Gift," written by a Chicagoan, Mary Agnes Foley, who, when a member of the Goodman Theatre Staff, had directed Jimmy in plays while he was a student at the Goodman Theatre.

The cast was composed of Bruce Lindgreen, Gene Helfand, Roy Hilton, Henry Tufo, Mary Sweig and, to the delight of us all, Miss Mary Clarke, who was the Secretary and Treasurer of the Uptown Players and associated with the work for more than twelve years, played one of the leading parts in the play.

The children of our Church School opened the service in their impressive Candle Light Processional, and I never heard carol singing any more effectively presented.

I found it difficult to introduce the play. Memories were so poignant. As I went into the balcony and listened and saw the performance I could see the plays of other years and hear the resonant and vibrant voice of the one in whose honor it was being given. I know he would have loved it all.

* * *

What would Christmas be without a Santa Claus? And we have in our church a man who has portrayed the role officially for the City of Chicago and who, from the beginning of the season until the end is in constant demand everywhere. This year at our Candle Light Service, not only did we have Santa Claus, but we had Mrs. Santa Claus as well. I presented them both. They were appropriately costumed, and introduced several children of unusual talent who played and sang. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Peets are so faithfully in their interpretation and so deeply in love with the spirit of Santa Claus, that even adults are wafted back to childhood memories and Santa Claus becomes real again.

* * *

Although I shall be a little late, it is not too late for me to extend to every member of our church, every radio listener, every subscriber to the Liberalist, everyone who may read these words, my heartiest best wishes for a buoyant and bountiful New Year.

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday School—Mr. Robert Crosswhite, Superintendent..... 9:30 a.m.

Sunday Morning Service—Broadcast WJJD.....11:00 a.m.

Sunday Evening Service..... 7:00 p.m.

Wednesday Evening Book Lectures..... 8:00 p.m.

Woman's Club—January 7, Anderson Hall. American Home Day..... 1:00 p.m.
January 21, Anderson Hall. Civilian Defense and Public Welfare Day..1:00 p.m.

Professional and Business Woman's Club, January 8.....8:00 p.m.
Conducted Tour through Chicago Tribune Plant

Men's Club—January 28, Anderson Hall, Family Dinner.....6:00 p.m.

The Uptown Players, J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder-Director.
In Memoriam

Channing Club (young people of High School age)
January 11 and January 25, Bradley Hall..... 8:00 p.m.

Choir Rehearsals—Every Thursday night in the Church Auditorium.... 8:00 p.m.
Auditions ..... 7:30 p.m.

Usher's Club—January 2, Anderson Hall..... 8:00 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday night,
Anderson Hall..... 7:00 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 301, every Thursday Anderson Hall.. 3:30 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 860, every Friday, Anderson Hall... 3:30 p.m.

Brownie Scout Troop No. 630, every Friday, Bradley Hall..... 3:30 p.m.

Boy Scouts, Cub Pack No. 3864, January 25, Anderson Hall..... 7:30 p.m.

DR. BRADLEY'S RADIO SCHEDULE

WJJD—Every Sunday Morning the entire church service is broadcast..11:00 a.m.

WHAT IS A CHRISTIAN?

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY IN THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO SUNDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1951

THE title of my sermon this morning is phrased in the form of a question: "What is a Christian?" It was inspired by an article which many of you I am quite sure have read in various newspapers and publications, but I read it first in TIME Magazine. Great attention was paid to this article by NEWSWEEK and other magazines, and the newspapers as well, because religion these days is front-page news and more space is being devoted to the question of religion by the daily press, and by the monthly magazines, than ever before in the history of American publishing.

I am going to introduce the sermon this morning by reading from TIME Magazine this article, "What Is a Christian?"

"The question before the court in Iowa's Black Hawk County Courthouse last week was tough to answer: What is a Christian? On the answer depended $75,000.

"It had never occurred to William B. Small of Waterloo, Iowa, (we have many listeners in Waterloo), a prominent Methodist layman, that the answer might be difficult. When he died in 1939 his will directed that the income from $75,000 of his estate should be distributed 'to persons who believe in the fundamental principles of the Christian religion and in the Bible and who are endeavoring to promulgate same.' When his wife died in 1949, ten nephews and nieces sued to break the will. Their argument: 'There is no common agreement as to what constitutes the fundamental principles of Christianity.'

"The hearings got under way in Waterloo. The first four witnesses spoke for the trustees. The Rev. Charles S. Hempstead, district superintendent of the Methodist Church, Dr. Russell D. Cole, president of a nearby Methodist school, and Methodist English Professor Miron A. Morrill all testified that a Christian can be defined as one who believes in the Apostles' Creed, e.g., the Trinity and the Divinity of Christ. Methodist Layman Stephen A Cohagan, a longtime friend of the dead man, testified that this was what Dr. Small himself believed.

"Then came witnesses for the nephews and nieces to testify that a Christian might believe almost anything, or nothing. One of their witnesses was the Rev. Lewis L. Dunnington of Iowa City's First Methodist Church"—Dr. Dunnington used to be in Duluth. I knew him well, and when I preached the Convocation sermon at Iowa State University, I spent some time in his church at that time. He is doing a great work out there in Iowa City in the First Methodist Church and in Iowa State University among the students there. "As for the Apostles' Creed," said the Rev. Lewis L. Dunnington of Iowa City's First Methodist Church, "many things in it are unacceptable to many Christians. On the question of the Virgin Birth, for example, I tell my parishioners to pay their money and take their choice.

"Father Robert Spahn, Roman Catholic chaplain for Iowa State Teachers Collect, pointed out that his church takes a strong stand against private interpretation of the Bible and warned that a man may be deceived in think-

ing he is guided by providence. Christ himself, warned Father Spahn, was persecuted by 'those who thought they were doing the will of God.'

"Pastor Charles W. Phillips of Des Moines' First Unitarian Church testified that many theologians are in 'complete disagreement' over Christianity's fundamental principles. Four more ministers—two Lutherans, a Baptist and an Episcopalian—did their earnest best, and made confusion worse confounded.

"When it was over, District Judge Shannon B. Charlton, a Methodist, prudently gave himself several weeks in which to prepare his decision."

That is the case. I don't wonder that the judge gave himself several weeks in which to prepare his decision. I don't suppose that ever before in the history of American jurisprudence has there rested upon any one judge a greater responsibility, in the midst of all the confusion and all the consternation and all the diversity of opinion, than to give an expression of opinion on what is a Christian at a time when $75,000 and fighting nieces and nephews are trying to break an uncle's will. I am glad that the judge has that responsibility and not myself. We shall all await with a great deal of interest the decision of the court in this matter of this will, trying to qualify and to decide and to state so that it will meet legal requirements the definition of what is a Christian. Well, I thought that was very interesting. I don't know whether the judge is listening to me this morning way out in Waterloo. I hope I will not be held in contempt of court, but I want to attempt, as best I can with my limitations, to try and tell you simply and plainly and humbly what I believe the answer is to "What is a Christian?"

Dr. Peter Ainslie, one of the great leaders of the church in the City of Providence, Rhode Island, one time wrote a book called THE SCANDAL OF CHRISTIANITY. I read the book when it was first published. I still have it—THE SCANDAL OF CHRISTIANITY. And what did Dr. Peter Ainslie call the scandal of Christianity? Many of you have probably already anticipated me and already know what he called the scandal of Christianity. The scandal of Christianity, said Dr. Peter Ainslie, is the scandal of diversity; the scandal of 300 and more different denominations, different churches, different emphases, different creeds, trying to preserve their own interpretation and give their own theological conclusions regarding Christ and what constitutes Christianity.

I should like for purposes of clarity to state my own position as clearly and as definitely and as concisely as it is possible for me to do. I do not think I need to tell this congregation from this pulpit where I have stood for nearly forty years, that I respect every person's religion. I honor every person's creed. I respect every person's point of view in theology. I hope that I will never develop into a dogmatist. I hope that I will never reach what, to me, is a most devitalized position; that of believing I have all the truth; that I know all there is to know about Christianity or Christ; that I have been able to designate within the confines of a few sentences a creed or a theory which will be sufficiently inclusive to contain all the truth concerning Christ and Christianity. I preface what I am to say with this because I do not want any of my friends, for I have friends in all religions and in all races and in all churches, to have any misconception or put any wrong construction upon what I am about to say, and I offer it in self-defense because it is one of the most dangerous and one of the most treacherous things

for a person to do—to take a position which is contrary to the accustomed thing and the traditional emphasis in Christian theology and in the Christian church.

I am not a conformist. I accept no creed. I do not believe that any creed has ever yet been written that is sufficiently inclusive to incorporate the whole range of Divine truth. When a church or an individual takes the position that they have all the truth, that they know all the truth and there is no truth apart from them, the seeds of their own dissolution and decay and demoralization have already set in. When a person takes the position that truth is absolute, that it has been revealed once and for all time, that you can localize the full attributes and characteristics and qualities of the Divine and put them all in one living human being and maintain that human being as being the embodiment of the full personality and spirit of God, there I must part company with the traditional thinking and with all traditional Christian expression. It is impossible for me to accept the interpretation as being the real spirit of Christ in much of the ecclesiasticism which has swept the world.

I have said before and I now repeat that had the Christian church spent one-half as much money and one-half as much energy in the past nineteen hundred years in trying to put into actual practice in human society the beautiful example and spiritual truths emulated by Jesus Christ, this world would not be in the condition it is in today. Organized Christianity has spent ages and billions in attempting to promulgate and propagandize some definite creed, some definite theory, some definite theology, some definite interpretation of Christ and of human history, until all the centuries are vibrant with the tragedy of dissipated energy; until the world occupies the tragic position which it does today. If Christianity had spent one-half as much time in trying to put the Sermon on the Mount and the Golden Rule, which to me are the heart and soul of Christianity, with nothing whatever to do with the canonical laws or the authority of Apostolic succession—if it had spent that energy in putting into practice the ethics that Jesus stood for when He lived and walked among men, you would have a different world than you have today. It has been dissipated in organization, in ecclesiasticism, in theories, in churches, in theologies. It has broken up into segments of society until when it ought to stand for the projection of the spirit and the ethics and the ideals of Christ, it has stood for the advancement of its own power and prestige; until today the church is in trouble. Ecclesiasticism is in trouble. In every country in the world it is fighting for its life. Organizational ecclesiasticism is jeopardized and the church on every side is blaming humanity. It is blaming the sins of people. It is blaming the immorality of society. It is blaming corrupt politics. It is blaming this and it is blaming that, while from the voices of the preachers there goes out to the land stories and preaching and sermons of disillusionment and of despair and of pessimism, of judgment and of condemnation. All this is the direct result of organized Christianity accepting unimportant things as the important things in the Christian truth and the Christian doctrine, from several hundreds of divided Christian communities, several hundreds of different kinds of this and different kinds of that. We have churches that have established lines of great cleavage because they do not agree on how much water to use in baptism—whether it should be forty gallons, ten gallons, or just five. And

they disagree about whether you should sprinkle or whether you should dip, or whether you should have both. So they get all excited about that and they organize another church.

It's like an experience I had down in Indiana where I was to lecture once. I jumped in a cab to get out to the place where I was to lecture and on the way I saw three churches in one block. I said to the taxi driver, "How does it happen that you have three churches in one block?" And he replied, "Well, we have them all. They originally were one church and then they had a fight, and now on this corner we have the Church of God. Then they got into an argument and some of the people left and then we had the True Church of God. Then they got into another argument and some of them left and started the One True Church of God. So now we have them all!"

It's like the lady who came to my office one time all excited. It wasn't long before I realized I had on my hands a religious fetish that was expressing itself in some form of pathology. It is inconceivable but you have more people go crazy over religion than any other subject in the world. It's a great tragedy but it's true. They go crazy because they get all mixed up in theories and doctrines. They don't know what to believe about the Virgin Birth or which translation of the Scriptures to believe, how you get three gods into one and one God divided into three, and in the middle of it they begin to allude to Jesus as a god, something Jesus never acknowledged, something that He Himself as an individual never mentioned. In His hour of deepest anguish, clinging to a rock until the palms of his hands were bleeding, He prayed to His Father. He didn't pray to Himself. Jesus as God needn't have prayed to anyone. He prayed to His Father—"My Father, why hast Thou forsaken me?" Gods don't die on crosses, condemned by wickedness and sin. God never dies. And when they become worried and confused and mixed up about all these theologies and all these churches, then something happens to their own psychological personalities.

Well, any way, this woman came to see me and said, "Dr. Bradley, I'm all excited." And I said, "That's plain enough to see but what are you excited about? If I am going to help you, you'll have to calm down and tell me what your trouble is. What's the matter with you?" She said, "Oh, I'm all mixed up. I'm all confused with religion." I said, "That's the last thing in the world you ought to be confused about. Nobody ought to be confused or bothered about it because it's so simple. What confuses you about it?" "Well," she said, "I went to one church where they preached that I had to be immersed. And I went over to another church and that preacher said it was all right if I would just be sprinkled. Then I went over to still another church and they said I had to be poured. And now," she said, "I'm all mixed up. I don't know what to do. I don't know what to believe." and I said, "I can straighten things out for you in just one step. You make the arrangement and find the time and I'll sprinkle, pour, and immerse you and then we'll know we've done it right and you can go home and you won't have to worry about it!"

Oh, the tragedy of emphasizing the unimportant—the unimportant. When I was in Amsterdam at that great meeting of the members of the churches from all parts of the world, I was thrilled. There were representatives of every church, of every denomination and creed, and, it seemed to me for two or three days that the Spirit of God reigned; one of the most beautiful mo-

ments in all Christendom throughout the ages, a moment when we could all be united. And then what do you suppose happened? Some bishop got up and said he wanted to have Communion and celebrate the Lord's Supper. And then the fire started: there with all these various denominations represented and each one of them with their own interpretation of the Lord's Supper, their own theories about it, their own beliefs about it, with the result that the Lord's Supper was celebrated in a dozen different places, and all at once a group who had been together demonstrating the ideals of brotherhood, bringing peace to the world, couldn't sit down and partake together of the Lord's Supper! What do you think Jesus would think about that? How do you think He would feel about a situation of that kind? The very affirmation and the very soul and the very heart of Christianity is not in a theory about Jesus; not in a theory about his personality; not in a theory about his religion; not in a theory about any kind of theological interpretation that has come from the minds of men. The power and the force of Christianity exists as long as man's will imposes his desire to lift himself out of his torment and suffering, interpreting them on the basis of the things Jesus taught. When we get back to that, we will get somewhere in this world of heartache and sorrow. Jesus had nothing to do with theology. Jesus had nothing to do with the theories and He never knew one of the creeds. Jesus never saw the Apostle's Creed. Jesus never heard the Apostle's Creed. Jesus was never interested in creeds. He went out in the highways and byways. The things that Jesus loved were broken human lives. The sick could not stand in His presence without being cleansed. The sightless eye could not behold Him but the scales would drop and vision would come. Crooked limbs were made straight. The hungry people were fed. Little children were loved. The aged were restored.

The moral beauty of Jesus was the greatest power ever released in human history, and shame, everlasting shame upon the limitations and the barriers of organized Christianity in the world, that has fought and killed and argued and hated because of differences in belief. Ladies and gentlemen, I will have none of it; and I will have none of it increasingly in this kind of a world that needs the simplicity and the beauty of Christ as it never needed anything else in all the world. I will have no part of it. I will respect all the creeds and all the races and all the churches but I shall stand only for the application of Christianity as taught from the lips of Christ and not articulated in the creeds of men. Every one of those creeds is a man-written creed, every one of them. Take the Apostle's Creed. The Apostles never read or saw one word of the Apostle's Creed. The Apostle's Creed never came into being until three hundred and fifty-three years after Jesus was dead and every Apostle was dead. A group of churchmen got together at the Council of Nicea and wrote the Apostle's Creed. They wrote it. Jesus didn't, neither did the Apostles. Men wrote it and yet if you don't get up and say "I believe the Apostle's Creed," you're an atheist, you're an infidel, you are called everything under the sun, by people who are not only historically inaccurate but are immune to the great moral values and beauties of Christ. And then when they did write that creed, what did they do? What did they do? The heart of Christianity is love. Without love there is no Christianity, I don't care what you believe about the Bible or the Virgin Birth. If you have not love in your heart, Christianity is not there. Christ

is not there. It couldn't be, and here they wrote the great creed and will you please show me the word "love" in the creed? The word "love" does not occur in the Apostle's Creed. It isn't in it! They missed the very heart of Christ. Everything else is in it, all the theories, all are there. Everything except love. They left that out. I will receive probably a thousand letters of protest from this sermon and there are possibly some people in this church who are saying "I will never go back to the Peoples Church again." The reason I am speaking as plainly as I am this morning is because I believe the time has arrived for Christianity to clean house of the barnacles and the theories and the confusion and to present itself to a world that is sick and dying, in the purity and simplicity of Christ. So I will take all the abuse and I will take all the criticism. Anything that can happen to me or be said about me can be no worse nor half as bad as they said about that lovely Soul who hung upon a cross dead in that moment of tragedy because he stood opposed to the ecclesiastical oligarchy of his day and because he stood opposed to the great power of the Roman Empire, so he stood alone in his agony. But love survived and love persists and love of Christ for His fellow men is the heart and soul of Christianity. Without it there is none.

Mr. Judge of Waterloo, you have a great opportunity. Instead of being confused between the theology and the doctrines of the Lutherans, the Catholics, the Episcopalians, the Presbyterians, the Congregationalists, the Baptists, and all the rest of them, Mr. Judge, tell America and tell the world that to be a Christian means simply to follow Christ in doing good works, loving our fellow men, and Mr. Judge you will do more than all the theologies have done in fifteen centuries!

(In a more recent sermon Dr. Bradley announced that Judge Charlton found for the plaintiffs, the nephews and nieces.)

* * *

OUR GRATITUDE

We are very grateful to the Jack and Jill Players of 180 E. Delaware Place, Franklin W. Adams, Director, for presenting the Christmas Play in Memory of J. Bradley-Griffin, the Founder-Director of The Uptown Players.

Preston Bradley

TOUR OF CHICAGO TRIBUNE PLANT

The Professional and Business Woman's Club of the church are having a conducted tour through the Chicago Tribune Plant, at 435 N. Michigan Avenue, at 7:45 p.m. on Tuesday evening, January 8th. Non-members wishing to join the tour please call Betty Porter, UPtown 8-6047.

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D. ..... Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY ..... In Memoriam
ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY ..... Assistant to the Editor
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EDITORIAL

WE HAVE come to the time of the year when most of us who are seriously concerned about the problem of living take a little time to look back over the year that has passed, and then we look forward into the future. We attempt to analyze why we have fallen short of what we thought we would have accomplished by now. Then we look forward to what we would like to do in the coming year or years.

I once tried to define success for a college student. I told him I thought success was never an achievement, but always an achieving.

There are people who think an arrival at a destination is success. That is not true. Success is always a process; it is never a thing. An individual who reaches a time of life when he feels he has arrived is never a success. It is not the arrival that constitutes the success. It is the continuous application of those necessary efforts and labors which inevitably result from the always postponement of the goal for one's self.

Keep a goal ahead. Push farther and farther over the horizon of your life, so that you will always be anxious to see over the rim of the years. Then you will be a continuing success.

Never think of success in terms of tangible, materialistic achievement, of position, or fame, or money, or social status, or any of the myriads of things that have commanded the energies of men. Too often this idea of success ends in a life embittered.

I wish the world could recognize its ideas of success. I wish success might be thought of in terms of progressive consciousness into the spirit of humanity, and an increase of one's opportunities for sacrifice in order to bring humanity to higher levels. Then you would see a success that was indescribably beautiful.

Before the world gets one hour older, won't you get away by yourself for a few quiet moments and breathe this prayer:

"Oh, God, make me worthy of Thy hopes and dreams for humanity; worthy of the responsibility of freedom; worthy of my blessed nation; worthy of Thy love. Oh, God, make me worthy!"

CHURCH NEWS

GUEST CHOIRS IN JANUARY

The following choirs and choral societies will be guests of the Peoples Church and will furnish the musical program on Sunday evenings in January.

Jan. 6—Chicago Engineers Choral Club, Henry M. Zirkowski, Pres.

Jan. 13—Soloist or choir to be announced.

Jan. 20—Assyrian Choral Society, Blanche Sayad, Director

Jan. 27—Soloist or choir to be announced.

* * *

WOMAN'S CLUB

On Monday, January 7, at 1 o'clock, in Anderson Hall, the Woman's Club will hold their American Home Day. Mrs. Charles Tabor Randall is chairman of this department. She will present Rebecca H. Turnbull in a review of a current book; and the musical part of the program will be given by Russell Stephan, Pianist.

The hostesses for the day are Mrs. Edward Jensen, Mrs. Peter Reisenhus and Mrs. W. Rose.

On Monday the 21st of January, the program will be in charge of the Civilian Defense and Public Welfare Departments, of which Mrs. Michael Krauvice and Mrs. P. Amore, are the respective chairmen. The program is to be announced at a later date, in the church calendar and over the radio.

Hostesses for the day will be Mrs. D. A. Cook, Miss Nellie Dewey, Mrs. Frank Bilek, Mrs. William Hartwick and Mrs. E. E. Nelson.

* * *

The Woman's Club of the Peoples Church sent the following letter to Dr. Bradley, dated November 20, signed by Myrtle E. Bilek, Corresponding Secretary:

November 20, 1951

Dear Doctor Bradley:

On Monday, November 19, the Woman's Club unanimously voted to contribute $50 each year for ten years, for a scholarship at the Art Institute in memory of Mrs. Bradley.

We are happy that we are able to do this, and we feel that this would please Mrs. Bradley, too.

We pray for your continued good health so that you may carry on your inspiring work. We are very proud of you, and enjoy working for you and the Church through our Woman's Club.

Sincerely yours,

Myrtle E. Bilek,

Corresponding Secretary.

* * *

Mrs. Arthur B. Choate, a long-time member of the Woman's Club, was in Baylor Hospital, 3500 Gaston Avenue, Dallas, Texas, when last she wrote. Her home address is 3415 Hall Street, Dallas, Texas. She said she loves to keep in touch with her old friends, members of the Woman's Club of the Church. No doubt some of the members would enjoy writing to Mrs. Choate at one or both of the addresses here given.

* * *

The following letter explains the January activity of the Men's Club, in which the entire membership of the Church will be interested:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

The Men's Club will hold a Family Dinner Party on Monday evening, January 28. It will be on the regular meeting night in Anderson Hall, and service will begin at about six o'clock.

It is hoped that this will be so pop-

ular an event that it will become an annual affair in the life of the club.

The Club is looking forward not only to seeing members and their families at this dinner, but many of the men of the Church who have not yet joined the Men's Club, as well as their friends.

There will be entertainment to please everyone's taste and a sociable evening for all. Admission is $1.00.

Sincerely,

H. E. Hansen, Secy.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY

FOR several years I have tried to be different from other folks and I haven't made any New Year's Resolutions. But this year I'm getting back to normal and I'm going to make at least one resolution.

"How have I scored in the Old Year? And what shall I do with the New?" I thought as the days rolled swiftly by, and the end of the year came in view . . . . . .

"My life seems to be such a clutter, with hurrying here and then there. Why don't I stop and clean my life's house? Just dust, sweep and garnish for fair?

"I'll make me a plan for the New Year—'What's my big aim for you, '52?' "

"Wait!" said the New Year back at me; "You still have house-cleaning to do!"

Well, just for the sake of the planning, let's say that the cleaning is all done. The next thing to do, if I'm going to make one big resolution, is to select the big aim, lay the track for it and then keep that track clear. Do I dare put right down in black and white what my big aim is? It takes a lot of courage to publicly declare my one resolution. Or do I mistake rashness for courage? Rash or otherwise, my big aim for 1952 is going to be "Better Human Relations!" And the first little car I'll put on the track is Courtesy.

I'm going to try and be especially courteous to strangers—people I meet in stores, on street cars, in buses, elevators, etc.

I met such a courteous stranger the other day. I was driving a rented auto in one of the western suburbs. I had started for home, came in on a highway where I had not driven for many months and suddenly was confronted with many lanes, became confused and took the wrong lane, which led to the left-hand traffic instead of the right. The moment I discovered my mistake I started backing out of this lane, just as a car, heading a long line of cars, was entering the lane up ahead. The driver could have continued and passed me, but he stopped dead still and waited until I had backed out and had entered the proper lane. He thus held up several cars in back of him. However, in doing that he probably saved time for all concerned, for it made me feel free to back quickly, without taking as long about it as I would have done if the stream of cars had been coming past on my left. It gave me more room and more confidence.

I felt very grateful for his courtesy. I wondered if he was just naturally a grand person of if he had been made extra cautious because of the publicity given to tragic traffic accidents recently.

Benjamin Franklin said that a man wrapped up in himself is a very small bundle; and I got to wondering if that isn't why I hurry so, because I get all wrapped up in myself. I hurry along the street bent on my own purposes, and suddenly I bump into someone in my haste. I do not do this because I am intentionally impolite or discourteous, but the tendency to hurry (which includes a state of nervousness) causes me more often than not, to be discourteous.

I recall so well a rebuke I deserved for just such a reason. I arrived at Dr. Bradley's study one morning just as Jimmie and his friend Marvin were about to leave it. It was on my mind that I needed some information about The Uptown Players from Jimmie, so without any other greeting I blurted out, "Oh, Jimmie, I need some information for the calendar." Then Marvin, in a most exasperated tone said (speaking to the thin air about him) "She didn't even *notice* me!"

So in 1952 if I go rushing past you, just trip me up! I'll deserve it, for I'll be breaking my one resolution—to be more courteous!

* * *

Louise B. Koehler, of 6016 Nina Avenue, Norwood Park, Chicago 13, Illinois, wrote the following letter to Dr. Bradley:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Part of the enclosed poem came to my attention a short time ago and appealed to me so strongly I have added a bit more to it and am using it for my Daily Affirmation, as the thought is along the line that you have preached. I am wondering if you know the author.

While I will be 82 in January, I am not going to allow myself to dwell upon the sorrows and heartaches of the past, like so many elderly people do, but as I greet each new day with a prayer and this affirmation, I find that each day is filled with new opportunities of helping others and forgetting one's self in our upward climb for better things.

This philosophy of yours has meant much to me and I want you to know my appreciation.

JUST FOR TODAY

I've shut the door on yesterday,
Its sorrows and mistakes,
And locked within its gloomy walls
All failures and heartaches.
And now I throw the key away—
To seek another room;
To furnish it with hopes and smiles
And every Springtime bloom.
No thought can enter this abode
That has a thought of pain;
And envy, malice and mistrust
Shall never entrance gain.

I've shut the door on yesterday
And thrown the key away.
Tomorrow holds no fear for me
Since I have found today.
Today—I will be happy;
Today I will be glad.
In every way, I'll make today
The best day I have had.

Thank you so very much.
Most sincerely,
Louise B. Koehler.

* * *

A very interesting letter of three and a half pages single space (too long for more than a quote here) came to Dr. Bradley from the Secretary of a Park District of a nearby county. She says in part:

One of my reasons for writing you as to why I so heartily agree with you that the great division of churches is responsible for today's world condition is the following: I can remember so

well when my mother used to tell how at one time there was ONE Lutheran Evangelical Church in my town and then they disagreed. Result? The Evangelical Lutheran Church and the Lutheran Evangelical Church! Then the Lutheran Church again split up because there was a disagreement about their minister performing a wedding ceremony when one of the parties thereto was a divorced man! Result: We now have two Missouri Lutheran Churches. All this may not be so bad, but when in connection with an Outdoor Concert I was sponsoring, I wanted to start off with a lovely Sunday Evening Concert in which was grouped all our vocal talent (and we are richly endowed with it here) in the singing of such a number as Handel's "Hallelujah Chorus" and I broached the subject to one of our pastors for whom I have the highest regard, he replied that the two churches of HIS denomination would be happy to take over such a service and then I could probably get THE OTHER churches to take over another one.

And how about this, Dr. Bradley? The pastor of one of our Baptist churches out here writes me every year telling me he thinks I am not doing the right thing in presenting Handel's "Messiah" on a Sunday afternoon, as Sunday is for religious services! And what can be more spiritually inspiring than "The Messiah."

So you see why I stay at home on Sunday morning and listen to Dr. Norman Peale at 9 and to The Peoples Church at 11.

I know you will be given the strength to carry on for many more years to come.

* * *

And speaking of Dr. Norman Vincent Peale, Mrs. L. A. Davis sent the following clipping from a Farm Journal containing Dr. Peale's definition of Christianity:

"Christianity isn't a creed to be recited, but a power to be tapped. A wonderful machine, this body of ours, but it won't spark unless it's plugged into power. The kind of plug you use isn't important; just be sure to make contact. With a tight connection, you can live with a constant lift."

* * *

The following is a bouquet of flowers offered to Dr. Bradley in a very sweet manner:

Dear Dr. Bradley: I, as one of your faithful listeners over WJJD each Sunday, desire to do something *now*. It is my desire not to wait until the inevitable "end of the road" for you happens. I want to do it *now*, because (1) I do not believe I will be here when you reach the "end of the road"; and (2) because I want you to hear what I have to tell you, which you will not be able to do when you have reached the "end of the road."

In my work I often find myself in a cemetery, and if there is a funeral, I always stand by the open grave and remain there long after the mourners have gone. It is only after the last shovel of earth has concealed the deceased, and the flowers have been placed on the grace, that I turn away and travel on.

The thought always comes to me as I look at the flowers—what good are they? The departed cannot see them. Would it not have served a better purpose if the dead one had received the flowers while they were still alive, to appreciate and benefit from receiving them? Human kindness is the greatest flower that anyone can receive. It is even greater to those who give, as they pass through life.

So, dear friend, I want at this time to give you my contribution of flowers, while you are still able to admire their

beauty and inhale their fragrance. Accept from me, Dr. Bradley, my humble words of thanks for the wonderful hours we have spent together—you, in the pulpit of the Peoples Church—at my little six-tube radio. They have been great and inspiring hours, and may you never reach "the end of the road," because all along my road through life you have *"kept me on my feet."*

The next time you feel like writing your resignation, please tear the paper into a thousand pieces before you take your pen in hand. As long as God gives you breath, there must never be the "end of the road."

Yours truly,

Bert M. Fultz

* * *

We think our Mail Bag readers will be interested in the following letter from Thomas Curtis Clark, publisher and poet, and a friend of Dr. Bradley's of many years' standing. Mr. Clark's poems and many, many anthologies of poems collected by him are on Dr. Bradley's Study bookshelves: *Love Off to the War, Poems for Life, Poems of Justice, 1000 Quotable Poems, Poems for the Great Days, The New Patriotism and God's Dreams* are some of these from which Dr. Bradley so often quotes. We know that many of the members of the church and of the radio audience have come to feel that Mr. Clark is their friend too, because of their appreciation and enjoyment of his poems:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Although I have been able to hear you but once since your return to your great ministry, I have intended to write you a word of welcome back for another year. And now I am moved to write without further delay because I have just learned from one of our—and your—friends in the Baptist Old People's Home that you used my poem "Challenge" last Sunday. She also told us that she thought your choir sang one of my hymns two weeks ago—though she was not certain about this. Thank you for helping my poems reach a multitude of interested listeners.

This friend of ours is a very intelligent woman nearly ninety years of age. She once taught in the St. Louis schools and was for many years secretary to Dr. Gilkey and Dr. Schloerb at the Hyde Park Baptist Church. She is a regular listener to your sermons and a great admirer of yours. We visit her regularly, as also Mrs. Clark corresponds regularly with your good friend, Miss Ferguson. That is part of our ministry—cheering older and lonely people.

Miss Mare, our friend in the Home, told us also of your sermon this morning. I remarked that the special Chicago issue of *Holiday* should certainly have told of the work of The Peoples Church, which we consider the most important church in America—for many reasons. What a tragedy it is that your messages cannot be heard by a countrywide congregation! I am inclined to think that if you could speak to a million thoughtful Americans every week there might be a rebirth of conscience and moral conviction in our country. And how much we need that!

This has been rather a sad year for me. Last February I lost my 98-year-old Mother and in August I lost my only brother, my junior by three years. Four years ago he suffered a stroke and he lived in a wheel-chair for these many months. He was on the examining staff of an insurance company in Newark, N. J. We are now four—three sisters, one brother.

You may be interested in knowing that Harpers have just published a hymnal for youth which includes four of my hymns. Also, with a co-editor,

I am preparing a new hymnal in which Harpers are interested. List for me, if you have time, a dozen or so hymns which you think should go into such a book—which we hope to make fairly ecumenical.

Our son Robert visited us a few weeks ago and is again in Germany, where he has worked for the U. S. for the past four years. He is now 34.

I have written more at length than I should have done. Just a little chat with one whom we much admire.

Mrs. Clark joins me in very best wishes for you during this critical year.

Sincerely,

Thomas C. Clark

Our members will recall that on the last Sunday in May of this year we sang two hymns which Mr. Clark had written and dedicated to The Peoples Church.

* * *

If you drive an automobile, try the extra-courteous attitude for safety's sake in 1952. If you are a pedestrian, perhaps you need to practice more courtesy toward the driver. "Believe it or not," the other day I saw two women actually walking against a red light, crossing the street so thoroughly engrossed in their conversation they did not have the slightest idea of the difficulty they were putting in the path of oncoming traffic from both directions!

Because I am one who is taking an interest in traffic safety, I do hope you will be very careful in 1952—because I want you to be good to yourself. And may the New Year lend to you a greater peacefulness of spirit, and with it may you have more enjoyment out of every day, and—happy landings!

* * *

KEEP—ON—THE—BEAM!

BOOK CHATS

OUR readers will appreciate, we think, having the following list of 100 books chosen by prominent Americans as books which every American should read. This list was compiled by Nathan G. Goodman in 1938, with the assistance of more than one hundred educated men and women whose names are in *Who's Who in America*. The book titles are arranged in the order of their popularity. The list is reprinted by the Chicago Public Library with permission from the American Library Association. Copies can be secured from the Library.

1.	Shakespeare	*Plays*
2.	Mark Twain	*Huckleberry Finn or Tom Sawyer*
3.	Thackeray	*Vanity fair*
4.	Cervantes	*Don Quixote*
5.	Goodman	*Benjamin Franklin's own story*
6.	Hugo	*Les misérables*
7.	Emerson	*Essays*
8.	Defoe	*Robinson Crusoe*
9.	Boswell	*Life of Samuel Johnson*
10.	Chaucer	*Canterbury tales*
11.	Dumas	*Three musketeers*
12.	Dickens	*Pickwick papers*
13.	Stevenson	*Treasure island*
14.	Whitman	*Leaves of grass*
15.	Carroll	*Alice's adventures in wonderland*
16.	Hawthorne	*Scarlet letter*
17.	Tolstoi	*Anna Karenina*
18.	Burton	*Arabian nights*
19.	Dana	*Two years before the mast*
20.	Shaw	*Plays, pleasant and unpleasant*
21.	Adams	*Education of Henry Adams*
22.	Austen	*Pride and prejudice*
23.	Dante	*Divine comedy*
24.	Poe	*Tales, and Poems*
25.	Thoreau	*Walden*
26.	Cellini	*Autobiography*

27. Darwin — *The origin of species*
28. Galsworthy — *Forsyte saga*
29. Ibsen — *Plays*
30. Swift — *Gulliver's travels*
31. Balzac — *Pere Goriot*
32. Goethe — *Faust*
33. Palgrave — *Golden treasury*
34. Plato — *Republic*
35. Brontë, C. — *Jane Eyre*
36. Gibbon — *Decline and fall of the Roman empire*
37. Fielding — *Tom Jones*
38. Sandburg — *Abraham Lincoln*
39. Lamb — *Essays of Elia*
40. Marx — *Capital*
41. Melville — *Moby Dick*
42. Wells — *Outline of history*
43. Homer — *Odyssey*
44. Bacon — *Essays*
45. Maugham — *Of human bondage*
46. Beard and Beard — *Rise of American civilization*
47. Bennett — *Old wives' tale*
48. Butler — *The way of all flesh*
49. Parkman — *Oregon trail*
50. Harris — *Uncle Remus, his songs and sayings*
51. Montaigne — *Essays*
52. Beveridge — *Life of John Marshall*
53. Eliot — *Mill on the floss*
54. Flaubert — *Madam Bovary*
55. James, William — *Varieties of religious experience*
56. Strachey — *Queen Victoria*
57. Dostoyevsky — *Brothers Karamazov*
58. Maeterlinck — *Life of the bee*
59. Mann — *Magic mountain*
60. Meredith — *Ordeal of Richard Feverel*
61. Molière — *Plays*
62. Brooks — *Flowering of New England*
63. Hamsun — *Growth of the soil*
64. Hardy — *Return of the native*
65. Hudson — *Green mansions*
66. Prescott — *Conquest of Mexico, and Peru*
67. Howells — *Rise of Silas Lapham*
68. Masefield — *Poems*
69. Steffens — *Autobiography*
70. Veblen — *Theory of the leisure class*
71. Brontë, E. — *Wuthering heights*
72. O'Neill — *Plays*
73. Voltaire — *Candide*
74. Bunyan — *Pilgrim's progress*
75. Eddington — *Nature of the physical world*
76. Conrad — *Nigger of the Narcissus*
77. Crane — *Red badge of courage*
78. James, Henry — *Portrait of a lady*
79. Lewis — *Main street*
80. Ellis — *Psychology of sex*
81. Freeman — *R. E. Lee*
82. Frost — *Collected poems*
83. Jeans — *The universe around us*
84. Kipling — *Short stories*
85. Lynd and Lynd — *Middletown*
86. Scott — *Ivanhoe*
87. Cooper — *Last of the Mohicans*
88. Doughty — *Travels in Arabia deserta*
89. Lawrence, T. E. — *Seven pillars of wisdom*
90. Rolland — *Jean-Christophe*
91. Lawrence, D. H. — *Sons and lovers*
92. Morison and Commager — *Growth of the American republic*
93. Plutarch — *Lives*
94. Proust — *Remembrance of things past*
95. Robinson — *Collected poems*
96. Untermeyer, *ed.* — *Modern American poetry,* and *Modern British poetry*
97. Schlesinger and Fox, *eds.* — *History of American life*
98. Fitzpatrick — *George Washington himself*
99. Wells and Huxley — *Science of Life*
100. Cheney — *World history of art*

* * *

When you are next in your favorite book store, ask to see *A Pony Cart of Verse* by Blanche Rene, published by Trovillion Private Press of Herrin, Illinois. It's a bright red book, flecked with silver and has a little pony cart on the cover, in which are seated two tiny tots.

Miss Rene has very delightful imagination and has been described as writing with the understanding of a grown-up touched with the make-believe of a child. The first edition is fast selling out. It is a book which can be read with pleasure by parent and child alike.

Here are just a few lines from one or two of her poems:

THE FIREFLY

This aviator likes to fly
Down darkened airways of the rye,
Takes off at dusk, for it can see
By glow from its extremity.

THE SPHINX

I'm glad that I am not the Sphinx
Who has a head but never thinks;
Who sits there silent, tongue in cheek,
And never feels the need to speak.

THE GIRAFFE AND I

When I gaze up at the giraffe,
There's something makes me want to laugh.
But I won't look at him with scorn,
Because from hoof to crowning horn,
He measures fifteen feet in height.
To him my stature may seem slight.

HANDY HELPERS ARE MY HANDS

I have two hands and that suits me.
I don't know what I'd do with three.
I clap them, cup them, spread them wide,
And let them dangle at my side.

For a lovely little gift book of poems, ask your book dealer to show you Lister Alwood's "Pedlar of April," named for the first poem in the book—

PEDLAR OF APRIL

The wind blows bleak; the clouds loom low;
The stones of the street stretch grim;
But here's a fellow who likes them so—
What's a dismal day to him,

Whose basket twinkles with emerald-leaved
And amethyst-petaled charm?
Who bears the beauty of shining-sheaved
April under his arm?

That's hardly a third of the poem, but you'll love it, especially on a blizzardy day in Winter, when it brings thoughts and visions of Spring.

There's a bit of verse called

PRAYER AT PARTING

God bless, this day, all things you do.
God bless these words, and God bless you.
God bless your feet, that to and fro
Upon their endless errands go;
Your hands, in action or repose;
Your thoughts, till evening's quiet close.
But most of all, may He impart
Love's richest bounty to your heart,
And safeguard with His boundless grace
My sweetheart in whatever place.

And here are the last two verses of the last poem in the book called

HOME STREET

Amazing, how a certain length
Of lawns and walks and trees
Can to the spirit lend new strength,
And to the heart new ease,

Just knowing that two weary feet,
Condemned daylong to roam,
Have found at last the happy street
Whose other name is home.

* * *

Never were so many books written to give the reader *a thought for every day.* And now here is another one, published by E. P. Dutton & Co., on October 15th, and written by Patience Strong, author of the *Quiet Corner Books,* and *The Glory of the Garden.*

In *The Morning Watch,* Patience Strong has taken a different quotation from the Bible for each of the days of the year. She applies it to our everyday lives in her own simple, moving and loving terms. Some are in her widely familiar and well-loved rhymed prose, some in straightforward, unadorned prose, while still others are in free verse Here is her thought for April 30th—THE MOULD OF PREJUDICE.

Do not let your mind get set within the narrow mould—of prejudice . . . So many people when they're getting old—grow bigoted, and lose the power to change their own ideas — They harden and grow rigid with the passing of the years.

Afraid to face new facts, and to admit that they've been wrong—thinking in their wilful blindness that they're being strong . . . Life is not a static state; things alter, and we too—must be prepared to move along and change our points of view.

"Be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind."—Romans 12:2.

May 1—THE DOOR OF THOUGHT

Do not leave the door of thought ajar, or you will find—uninvited visitors will steal into your mind—melancholy fears and fancies, worries that depress, and once they get across the threshold, out goes happiness.

Fill your mind with pleasant thoughts and then there'll be no room —for envy and despondency, for bitterness and gloom . . . Evil spirits hover round just waiting for a chance to sneak in through the cracks when you relax your vigilance.

Once you grant admission to a dark

and hopeless mood—others will slip in with it and all the evil brood will take possession of the house, and every corner fill. So do not leave the door ajar but bar it with your will.

"Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong."—I Corinthians 16:13.

October 20—LOOK ROUND

Whatever the burdens you're called on to bear—Though stony and hard be your road . . . Look round . . . You can always see somebody else—bowed down with a heavier load.

Somebody with a more difficult task —and maybe a breaking heart, too . . . Others with problems and troubles and trials—who'd like to change places with you.

"Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? hope in God: . . . who is the health of my countenance."—Psalm 43:5.

* * *

ESSENTIAL VALUES

As I grow older, I simplify both my science and my religion. Books mean less to me; prayers mean less; potions, pills and drugs mean less; but—Peace, friendship, love and a life of usefulness mean more, infinitely more.

—Silas Hubbard, M. D.

APPEARANCES

Of all the things you wear, your expression is the most important.—Anonymous.

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

NOVEMBER 16th to DECEMBER 15th

NOVEMBER

16—Funeral.
Address. Unitarian Dinner, Geneva, Illinois.
Address, Harrison Street School, Geneva, Illinois, for East Side Improvement Association.
17—Three weddings.
18—Two services. Peoples Church.
19—Address. Banquet of Federal Loan Bank, Hotel Jefferson, St. Louis, Mo.
20—Address. Central Lions Club, Hamilton Hotel.
21—Funeral.
Book lecture. Peoples Church.
22—Thanksgiving service at Peoples Church with Granville Ave. Church joining in the service.
23—Sermon. Home for Aged Jews, 6140 Drexel Blvd.
24—Funeral.
25—Two services. Peoples Church.
Three christenings.
Address. Memorial service, Showman's League of America.
26—Two funerals.
Wedding.
Address. District Meeting Zionist Organization, Belmont Hotel.
27—Address. 50th Anniversary, Hanna Engineering Works, Lake Shore Club.
28—Invocation. Traffic Club of Chicago, Grand Ballroom, Palmer House.
Funeral.
Book lecture. Peoples Church.
29—Three funerals.
Address. Pilot Club of Chicago.
30—Funeral.
Presented Citation to Civic Music Association in Orchestra Hall.

DECEMBER

1—Wedding.
2—Two services. Peoples Church.
4—Address. Motor Equipment Wholesaler's Assoc., Conrad Hilton Hotel.
Address. Men's Club, First Methodist Church, Kenosha, Wis.
5—Address. Rotary Club Christmas Party. Oliver Hotel, South Bend, Ind.
Book lecture. Peoples Church.
6—Invocation. Federated Advertising Club, Conrad Hilton Hotel.
Funeral.
Guest. Dr. and Mrs. Clayton Morrison, Chicago Symphony Concert.
7—Address. Tabernacle Baptist Church.
8—Three weddings.
9—Two services. Peoples Church.
Two christenings

11—Two funerals.
12—Funeral.
Meeting of National Conference of Christians and Jews.
Wedding.
Book lecture. Peoples Church.
13—Address. Fourth Annual Dinner, Springfield Mfrs. & Empl. Assoc., Elks Club, Springfield, Illinois.
14—Conference with committee from Hotpoint Company.
Wedding.
Address. Woman's Club, Sauganash Community Church.

FUNERALS

NOVEMBER

16—Mrs. Minnie Rallihan
21—Mrs. May Lindblad
24—Henrietta Moran
26—Christine Carlson
Dr. Milton B. Fitch
28—Hjalmar Tharaldsen
29—Dr. James A. Larsen
Bruce C. Hightower
Forrest Bengston
30—Herbert E. Bell

DECEMBER

6—Mrs. Minnie Petersen
11—Emil Masek
Frank Birk
12—Isaac de Rock

WEDDINGS

NOVEMBER

17—Hazel E. Lester and
George A. Orndorff
Lauretta Emanuelson and
Eugene Kosky
Myrtle G. Maiworn and
Edward J. Kristof
26—Edna Barnes and
Theodore Centella

DECEMBER

1—Louise Radosevich and
Max Marolt
8—Andre Wetta and
Barbara Turner
Patricia McCullen and
Robert B. Anver
Frances Diana Broadwicj and
Floyd Helvert
12—Mary Sloan and
Thomas A. Edelen
14—Margaret Filiatreault and
Karl L. Hunciker

CHRISTENINGS

NOVEMBER

18—Guy James Achey, son of
Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Achey
25—Gordon Robert Cardell and
Kathryn Frances Cardell, children of
Mr. and Mrs. George Cardell
William Charles Ryan IV, and
Carol Christine Ryan, children of
Mr. and Mrs. William Ryan

DECEMBER

9—James Franklin Hubbard III, son of
Mr. and Mrs. James Franklin Hubbard, Jr.
Nancy Margaret Duha, daughter of
Mr. and Mrs. Frank Duha
16—Mary Jacqueline Fay, daughter of
Mr. and Mrs. Richard William Fay
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